Steak au Poivre

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Steak au Poivre

by therunawaypen

Summary

Alpha Hannibal is used to having the finer things in life. And he's used to showering those fine things on his beloved Omega Will.

Even if Will wants those fine things at three in the morning.

Honestly, who wants Steak au Poivre at three in the morning? A very pregnant Will, of course.

Notes

Hannigram Omegaverse. Will is pregnant and apparently having Hannibal Lecter’s spawn means that his pregancy cravings are… unique. —ravenjade

If there was one thing (just *one?*) Hannibal Lecter was proud of; it was his ability to provide for his mate. He was a successful man, with both wealth and status that made him a prime choice Alpha. If one couldn't tell by his fine suits and well educated (if a bit exotic) voice, then one only had to attend one of his lavish dinner parties, to see his lovely home and taste his *exquisite* cooking, to know that Hannibal Lecter was an Alpha who enjoyed the best life had to offer.

And if there was one thing Hannibal Lecter loved, it was his Omega. Many in the Alpha's high society circles had been confused to learn that the most eligible Alpha had mated and bonded with a relative nobody. Not that Hannibal cared one bit about their opinions of his beloved Will. His Omega was far more interesting than any opera or dinner party ever could be: from the moment he learned of Will's empathy disorder to when he first sniffed the fever of encephalitis, the Omega was fascinating to Hannibal. And after the first time they mated, and Hannibal felt his knot being squeezed by Will's tight, slick heat…well, Will could be just so addicting…

Of course, that addiction was probably what led to Hannibal's current situation. Namely being woken up at three in the morning by a very pregnant Omega.

"Hannibal…" Will whispered, shaking his shoulder ever so slowly.

The (not so) good doctor opened his eyes slowly, "What is the matter, Will?" He murmured, watching his restless mate.

Will bit his lip, not quite meeting Hannibal's eye, "…I'm hungry."

Oh the joys of pregnancy… "I see." Hannibal sat up, turning on his bedside lamp, "And do you have anything in particular you would like, Will?"

"What was that one dish you served when Jack was over last time? The one with the peppercorns and the sauce…"

"Steak au poivre?" Hannibal raised an eyebrow. Well at least Will's taste was getting more refined. The Alpha had been mortified the one time he had been asked (read: ordered) to get Will a Big Mac and he had gone through the McDonalds drive-thru (honestly, was drive *through* too much?) at midnight.

And steak au poivre was a relatively simple dish (compared to other recipes in Hannibal's stash), so it was one he could whip up quickly for his hungry Omega, "Very well, I'll go downstairs and fix it for you."

"No!" Will shook his head, "Don't use any of the meat in your freezer!"

The Alpha raised an eyebrow, "I thought you liked—"

"It all tastes like fear." Will continued, "Fear tastes sour."

Hannibal would have argued to the contrary, that fear in the meat left a very faint sweet flavor. Well, he would have argued if he hadn't known better than to deny his Omega *anything*, "What would you like me to use? Beef?" he ran a hand through Will's tousled curls, enjoying the way his mate leaned to his touch.

"No…" Will nuzzled his face against his Alpha's hand, "…what does anger taste like?"

It was all Hannibal could do to keep a smirk from gracing his lips, "I would say it tastes bitter, slightly salty. Though I'm sure your taste buds would disagree."

"Probably." Will chuckled, "My tongue isn't like it used to be."

"I'd argue that it is better." That earned Hannibal a small smack to his shoulder, though Will didn't put much strength into it. "So you want me to make a fresh kill for you and make you an anger laced steak au poivre?" Hannibal watched his mate curiously.

The whine that came from Will's lips would have been enough for any Alpha within hearing distance to drop whatever (or whoever) they were doing and tend to the Omega's wishes, "*Please,* Hannibal?" Will leaned forward, pressing himself against his mate.

It was feeling Will's supple body and, more specifically, the firm swell of his abdomen that did Hannibal in. The Alpha could hardly deny his mate while he could feel the proof of their mating pressed against him: their child, *his child*, the fruit of Hannibal's seed and Will's fertility (not to mention their numerous matings, there was just something about Will that made Hannibal pop his knot like a hormonal Alpha teenager). How could he deny the bearer of his child, his beloved Omega? Will could have asked Hannibal to kill the President because he wanted to know what he tasted like, and Hannibal would have obliged him.

"Let me get my things, and I'll see what I can hunt, Will."

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